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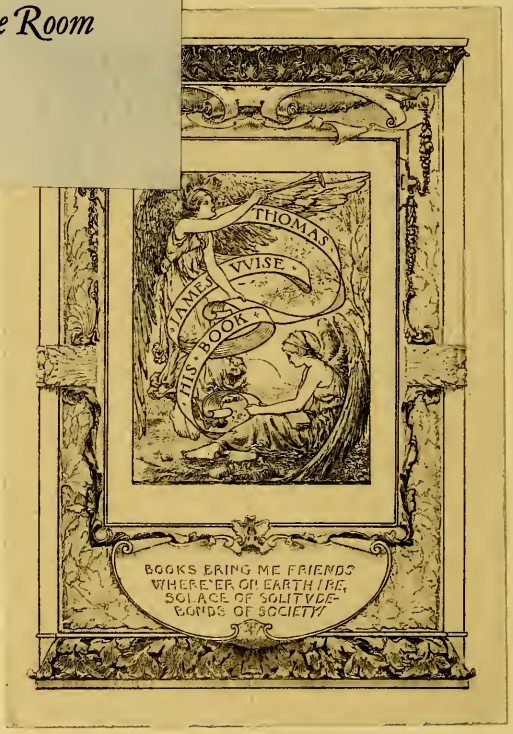

——— Ode / to / Napoleon Buonaparte. / By Lord Byron. / "*Expende Annibalem:—quot libras in duce summo* / "*Invenies?*— / Juvenal, Sat. X. / Tenth Edition. / London: / Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1814.

Collation: Demy octavo, pp. 17; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1—2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3—4; a nine-line extract from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (with blank reverse) pp. 5—6; Fly-title to the *Ode* (with blank reverse) pp. 7—8; and Text of the *Ode* pp. 9—17. The reverse of page 17 is blank. The pamphlet is completed by a leaf, with blank recto, and with advertisements of Byron's books and of illustrations to them upon the reverse. At the foot of page 17 is the following imprint, "*London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co. / Cleveland-Row, St. James's.* There are no head-lines, the pages being numbered centrally in Arabic numerals between square brackets. There are also no signatures.

The *Tenth Edition.* Bound in half yellow calf by Riviere, with gilt edges. The leaves measure 8¼ × 5¼ inches.

The Tenth was the first edition of the *Ode to Napoleon* to carry Byron's name upon the title-page. The previous nine editions were all anonymous.

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ODE, *&c.*

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ODE

TO

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY LORD BYRON.

"Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
"Invenies ?———

JUVENAL, Sat. X.

TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET,
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW,
ST. JAMES'S.

1815.

Tr.R.A.
821.76
B99GON
A28

" The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the
" *Senate*, by the *Italians*, and by the Provincials of
" *Gaul;* his moral virtues, and military talents, were
" loudly celebrated; and those who derived any pri-
" vate benefit from his government, announced in
" prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

" By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life
" a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an
" Emperor and an Exile, till ———

Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. 6, p. 220.

368539

ODE

TO

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

ODE.

I.

'Tis done--but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our Earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
  Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
  Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
  To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
  To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
  And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
  That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
  The rapture of the strife*—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
  To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

* Certaminis *gaudia*, the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

VI.

He * who of old would rend the oak,
  Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
  Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman,† when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home.—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

* Milo. † Scylla.

VIII.

The Spaniard,* when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
  His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
  The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
  To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
  To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

* Charles V.

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
  Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
  And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
  In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
  Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
  Or deepen every stain —
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
  To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
  Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
  To all that pass away;
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
  To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
  Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
  Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his bye-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage *
  What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
  But one—"The world *was* mine:"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
  Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

* The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

XVI.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,*
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock;†
He in his fall preserv'd his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

* Prometheus.

† "The fiend's arch mock.
"To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."—
Shakspeare.

London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-Row, St. James's.

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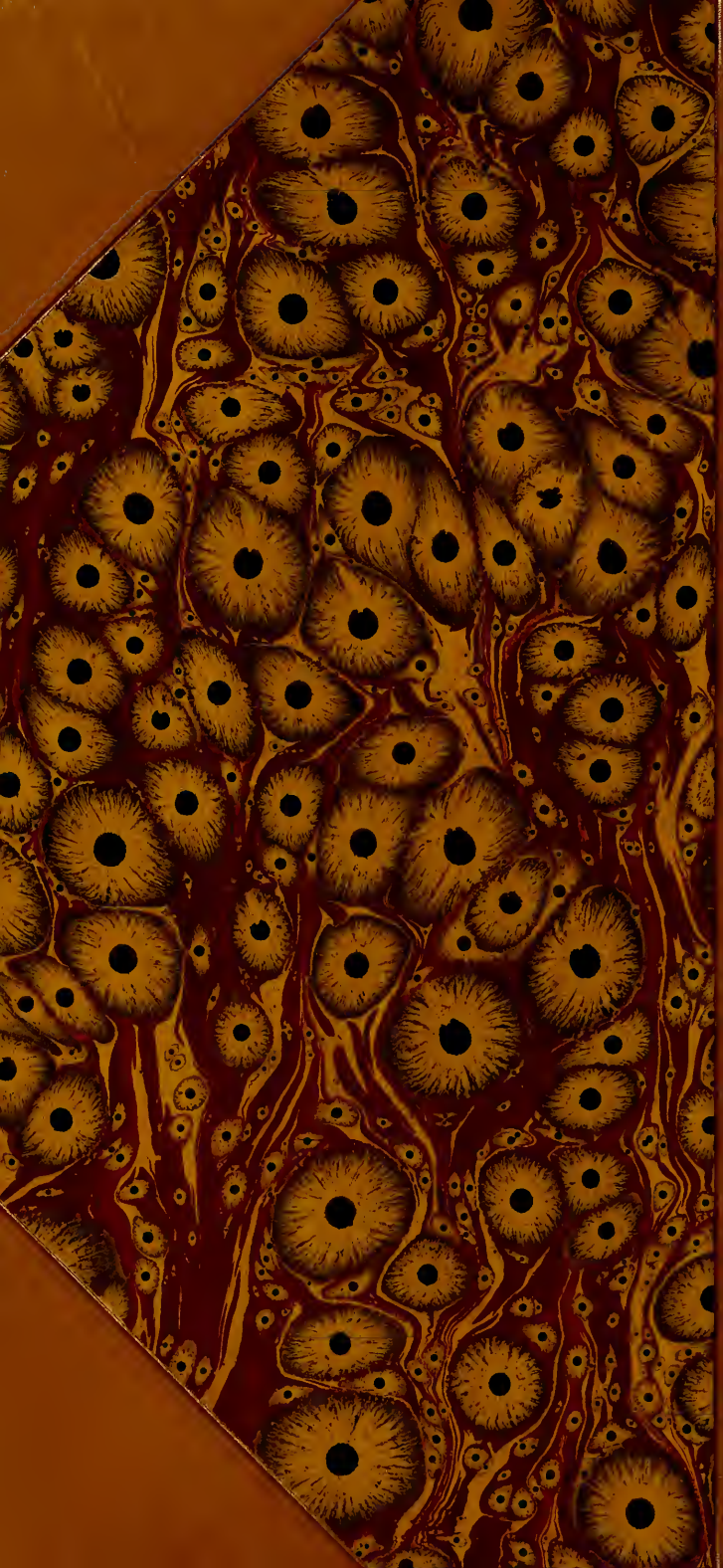
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